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1908





NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

DENISON'S SPECIALTIES

THE LIGHT BRIGADE

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908

Price, 25 Cents

T. S. DENISON
PUBLISHER
CHICAGO

Johnstone

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Wedding Trip (The), 2 acts, 1 hr.	3 2	
Won at Last, 3 acts, 1 hr. 45 min.	7 3	
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8 3	

A successful list.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE

A COMIC ENTERTAINMENT
FOR LADIES

BY

MAYME RIDDLE BITNEY

AUTHOR OF

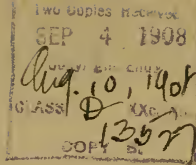
*"Humorous Monologues," "Fun on the Podunk Limited," and
"The Third Degree."*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER

163 RANDOLPH STREET



PS 3503
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THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

CHARACTERS.

GRANDMA LIGHT.....	<i>Deaf and Determined</i>
MA LIGHT.....	<i>Fat and Forlorn</i>
LUCINDY LIGHT.....	<i>Man-Struck Old Maid</i>
LORINDA LIGHT.....	<i>Severe Suffragist</i>
LOUISA LIGHT.....	<i>Inclined to Invalidism</i>
LUCRETIA LIGHT.....	<i>Eloquent Elocutionist</i>
LETITIA LIGHT.....	<i>A Winning Widow</i>
LENA LIGHT }	<i>The Twins</i>
LINA LIGHT }	
LOVEY LIGHT.....	<i>Baby of the Family</i>

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Forty Minutes.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

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COSTUMES.

GRANDMA—Hair powdered very white, black lace cap, very plain black dress, white kerchief around neck, black lace mitts, a handbag in which are spectacles, a sandwich, a bag of bright-colored stick candy and a large white handkerchief.

MA—Must be made up to be as fat as possible. If possible, wear quite a fussy silk dress of old style, a lot of jewelry, hair twisted and rolled back from face, a small bonnet with strings that tie under chin. Handbag with at least three handkerchiefs.

LUCINDY—Regulation old maid costume, corkscrew curls, very much-trimmed dress of bright colors and of old style. Carry a fan and lace-trimmed handkerchief.

LORINDA—Very plain tailor suit and made up as mannish as possible. Carry long revolver in pocket of dress.

LETITIA—As showy and attractive as possible, with a very large flower-laden hat.

LUCRETIA—A fancy white or light-colored party dress, suited to the stage, with a large bow in hair.

LOUISA—Made up as an invalid, with loose wrapper and a thin light-colored shawl around shoulders.

TWINS—Dressed as girls of about fifteen, with hair braided and tied with bows, dark colored dresses trimmed with light or some bright color. Made up to look as much alike as possible and hair, dresses, etc., just the same.

LOVEY—As small as possible, very short dress, quite fancy, bright stockings, slippers, wear glasses. Personate child about eight years old. At the last, before she speaks she goes off and pulls stockings just like those she has on her feet onto her arms and puts slippers on her hands, then comes on stage wearing a large cape or a shawl. Before taking her seat she puts this around her again.

REMARKS.

As costumes help greatly make them as effective as possible. Ma Light should be very fat and preserve at all times a very sad and forlorn manner. Some of the girls should be tall and others short. Let each one strive to act her part during the entire performance. Lorinda should be stiff and severe in manner, Lucindy simpers and "puts on," Letitia giggles and is continually happy. Grandma sleeps most of the time, but once in a while makes a great effort to hear what is going on. Lovey "cuts up" and wiggles and makes fun. Louisa has eyes shut part of time, is languid and does not pay attention to what is going on. Groans occasionally. Twins sit with arms around each other most of time and are continually wrapped up in each other. Lucretia should be affected and "stagey." Aim to "over-do" parts and put snap into them—do not allow things to drag.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

SCENE: *Across back of stage are placed ten chairs. The first one, at right side is for MA LIGHT and should be a large arm chair. The one nearest left of stage is for LOUISA and should be a rocker with a lot of pillows. The next to LOUISA'S is for GRANDMA and should be a high-backed upholstered chair with cushions. Room must be left back of chairs for the Brigade to march and a space left so they can come down center of stage thus:*

As the curtain rises the members of the LIGHT family stand at one side out of sight. MA LIGHT begins to talk, in a loud, shrill voice.

MA LIGHT. Now, are we all ready? Lorindy, do straighten grandma's cap for her—it's all cocked to one side. Letitia, straighten your face—don't giggle on a sanctymonious occasion like this. Is my hair on straight? Ready to march now. Left foot first. Forward the Light Brigade. (*Music, a march, begins and the line enters, single file at left corner of back of stage, in the following order: MA LIGHT, LORINDA, LUCINDY, LETITIA, LUCRETIA, LENA, LINA, LOVEY, GRANDMA, LOUISA. MA keeps time to music by bringing left foot down hard, some walk with mincing steps, some with long steps, some slow, some fast, GRANDMA walks lame and LOUISA walks with great effort as if half dead. The file passes across back of stage, then from right corner of back to left corner of front, across front and then in diagonal line from right corner front to left corner of back. At the right corner of front LOUISA faints and falls to the floor. The rest do not notice and march on as if nothing had happened. Pass from left corner of back across*

to center of back of stage, then down center to the front. As the line comes down center to front MA discovers LOUISA at the right corner of front. She gives a scream and runs down to center of front then to right corner, the others following in various stages of excitement.)

LORINDA. Oh, what a catastrophe!

LOVEY (*indifferently*). Oh, this isn't much of anything—only a mere kittenastrophe!

MA. Poor Louisa! I was afraid she'd drop—being weakly. Get something to revive her. Lucindy, Lorinda, get camphor and water. (LUCINDY, LORINDA and LOVEY *run from stage.*)

GRANDMA (*weeping*). Poor girl! She'll die some day.

LENA. Yes, she's sure to die some day.

LINA. For we must each one pass away.

MA. She'll be all right in a few minutes. (*To audience*) Don't git uneasy, friends. This won't hurt our performance a bit.

Enter LUCINDY and LORINDA each with a bottle and LOVEY with some water in a cup.

LUCINDY. Here's some campfire. (*Holds bottle to LOUISA's face.*)

LOVEY. Here's some water. (*Throws the water up and lets it fall in a shower over LOUISA.*)

MA. Oh, Lovey, what a bad girl you are! Ill give you a punishment if you don't look out.

LOVEY. Well, if you do I won't take part in the performance, so!

LORINDA. Here's some consumption cure for Louisa.

MA. Consumption! Who's got consumption, I want to know. There's no consumption here.

LORINDA. Humph, consumption of valuable time, I should say! (LOUISA *groans and sits up, all the rest take hold and assist her to her feet.*)

MA. What is it, poor dear? One of your spells?

LOUISA (*weakly*). Oh-h-h-h-h, my mind went blank and my breath stopped coming and my heart stopped beating. I'm all right now.

MA. Then we'll proceed with our march. (*They get in line up the right side of stage, LINA and LENA holding LOUISA up and LOVEY walking behind her trying to boost her along. Pass across back of stage and then along in front of chairs and sit. Music stops. MA coming to center of stage and making a low bow.*) Honorable ladies and gentlemen and everybody in this highly renowned and beautiful audience, I bid you all welcome in the name of the Light Brigade, to the scrumptious performance we will now proceed to give for your eddyfication and eddycation. We are the Light Family! (*Turns and waves hands at the rest who all stand up and make low bows. LOUISA falls back in a faint into her chair after bowing.*) We have been called the shining Lights and I humbly hope we are all that and more. We call ourselves the Light Brigade because we are a company, with me as boss.

LORINDA (*severely*). I guess you don't boss me, ma. I'm old enough to do as I please.

LOVEY (*jumping up, dancing a little jig*). And so do I, or I'll know why!

LENA. She has to know the reason why.

LINA. Or else she makes the fur to fly.

MA (*reprovingly*). Girls, be still while I do my speechifying. Let it be all serene along the Potomac while I finish my addressibus. Friends, one and all, great and small, let me first interdooce myself. Ladies and gentlemen and everybody, I am Mrs. Lydia Light, the forlorn widder and mourning relict of Leander Light, who seven year ago sailed off into the great unknown, drifted silently through the shadowy portals, crossed the great divide, departed this mundane speer—in fact died! (*sobs and weeps in her handkerchief.*)

GRANDMA. What is Liddy a cryin' for?

LOVEY (*indifferently*). 'Cause her husband's dead.

GRANDMA. What about bed? Does she want to go to bed?

LOVEY (*gets up, goes over to GRANDMA and yells*). Not bed! Dead! Her husband is dead!

GRANDMA. So is mine. Been dead for nineteen year. (*Weeps.*)

LETITIA (*laughing*). So is my husband dead. But I don't weep about it (*laughs*).

LORINDA. I fail to see that it is a laughing matter to have your husband dead.

LUCINDY. So do I. (*Simpers.*) If I had a husband and he died I—I should die, too.

LETITIA. I wouldn't die too—I'd hustle around and get number two (*laughs*).

MA (*wiping eyes and frowning at the girls*). Who is making this speechibus, you or me? Hain't you old enough to be still yet? (*To audience.*) As I was saying, my husband died (*chokes up and wipes eyes*) and left me to bring up this family of seven girls and one boy. My boy married Letitia here (*points*) and—and—it killed him. So now I've got one more girl and no boy. (*Weeps.*)

LETITIA (*laughing*). Cheer up, Mother Light. Why not make the best of a good thing?

MA (*horrified*). Do you call it a good thing to lose your husband?

LETITIA. Well, it's a good thing for him, isn't it? (*Laughs.*)

MA (*sighing*). Yes, he's better off, poor dear. (*To audience.*) To perceed and continue with my discoursitation, I want to say that since my beloved Leander left his mourning Liddy to walk alone in this vale of tears, alone with my eight daughters—including Letitia, the wife of my departed son, and my aged mother commonly known as Grandma, I have tried to earn a modest compentunce for us by traveling up and down the country, over hill and down dale, giving illimitable preformances called the Light Brigade entertainments. Prehaps some of you here have heard tell of the Charge of the Light Brigade, but I will say the only charge we make is the charge at the door to get within the sacred precincts of this incom-pa-rar-able gathering. Sence I was left alone with my eight daughters—one of whom is a darter-in-law—my life is dark and dreary, like a cell.

LORINDA. Oh, ma do not talk about cells. The folks will think you mean our entertainment is a sell.

MA. I guess they'll find out diffrent 'fore we git through with 'em. (*To audience.*) To continue and perceed and go on with my narratitive, I want to tell you my life is forlorn. I'm all forlorn. If it warn't for my eight daughters—including a darter-in-law—and my mother, commonly called Grandma, I wouldn't have anything to live for. Though I am surrounded by Lights I still live in the darkness of widdered dejection. I can do nothing but sigh—in fact my sighs—

LOVEY. Goodness gracious, ma, you don't need to mention your size—it speaks for itself and if folks don't hear it they'll sure see it.

LENA. Our ma forlorn she sits and sighs and sighs.

LINA. And the more she sighs the greater grows her size.

LENA. Till some day with great honor she will rise.

LINA. And as the fattest woman take the prize.

MA. You'll have to excuse Lena and Lina. They was born—

LOVEY. Oh, they was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine!

MA (*indignantly*). They was not. They was born at Trenton, New Jersey. Moreover they was born with poetic temperments. They git insperations of poetry, and when the Muse moves 'em they has to speak in poetry. Oh, dear, I keep gittin' switched off the track of my addressibus all the while. As I have been trying to say, each one of us Lights takes some part in this preformance and my humble contrarybution is a tender pome I wrote all unaided, unassisted, and all alone with only my feelin's to prompt me. The name of it is "A Widder All Forlorn." (*She goes over to her chair, opens hand-bag, takes out three clean handkerchiefs and tucks an end of each in her belt, letting them hang, then comes to front and recites:*)

Alas, my husband he is gorn,
And left me here, sad and forlorn;

Now, like the wind among the corn,
I sigh, "I wish I had not a bin born."

(Weeps into one of the handkerchiefs then wrings it out and hangs it back in her belt.)

No joy in life I more can know,
Like cattytracts my wet tears flow;
I sigh at night and sigh at morn,
Sence I'm a widder all forlorn.

(Weeps on another handkerchief as before.)

Oh, I'm a mournin' mournin'-dove,
For my Leander's gone above;
Yea, all my fun in life is gorn,
And I'm a widder all forlorn.

(Weeps copiously into third handkerchief, wrings it out and hangs it at her belt, then braces up, with great effort and continues:)

Friends and audience all, I will now interdooce to you Grandma Light, a Light whose flickering light will soon be extinguished. She has lived her three-score year and ten and some more, and though she is somewhat old and feeble she is still pretty tolerable smart.

LOVEY. Oh, Granny's all right except her ears don't work very well.

LENA. Oh, Grandma she is old and thin,

LINA. And soon her grave she'll enter in.

MA. I now take great joy in interdooeing to you the aged participater in this Brigade—Grandma Light. *(Turns with a flourish to GRANDMA and finds her fast asleep.)*

LOVEY. Te-he-he-he-he-he, she's asleep! *(Pokes her in the ribs.)*

MA *(going over and shaking GRANDMA)*. Come, Grandma, come! Wake up! It's time to make your bow.

GRANDMA *(rubbing eyes)*. How?

MA. Bow! Time to make your bow.

GRANDMA. Plough? I can't plough.

MA. No—no. It is time—

GRANDMA. Dime? I ain't got a dime. Didn't you take in any dimes at the door?

MA (*yelling*). It is time for you to get up and make your bow and speak your piece.

GRANDMA. Oh, all right! (*Gets up, comes to front, makes a low bow, then turns to MA and says:*) I don't want to speak a piece tonight. I guess I'll dance a little instead.

MA (*horrified*). Merciful sakes, grandma! The idea of dancing—and you a church member for thirty year!

GRANDMA. Well, I'm going to dance. I used to be a real good hand at it. (*Lifts skirt at one side and puts foot out as if going to dance.*)

MA. Grandma, don't you do it! (*She and LORINDA and LUCINDY and LETITIA all jump up, run to GRANDMA, take hold of her and keep her still.*)

GRANDMA. Guess I can jig if I want to!

LORINDA. Why, you might drop dead if you danced—you have heart trouble.

MA. I'm afraid she's got a spell that's gone to her head.

LOVEY. Go it, Grandma, and give us a dance!

LETITIA. I don't think it has gone to her head—it seems to have gone to her feet. (*GRANDMA tries to dance. The others hold her. MA screams.*)

LENA. Poor Grandma must be daffy complete,

LINA. For all her action has gone to her feet.

MA (*speaking very loud*). Come, now, speak your piece or the folks will go home.

GRANDMA. All right, I spose I'll have to.

LOVEY. Don't be afraid, Grandma. Your age will protect you.

GRANDMA (*speaks in a shrill, high, piping voice*).

Mary had a little—(*she stops, deliberately opens her hand bag, gets out a handkerchief, blows her nose long and loud, puts handkerchief back in bag, then begins again*)

Mary had a little—(*stops, rubs her eyes, opens her hand bag, gets out her glasses, puts them on, looks audience over, then speaks*)

Mary had a little beau,
Who wore a necktie white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The little beau was sure to go.

"What makes the beau love Mary so?"
The wondering people cried;
"Because she's got a lot of cash,"
The financier replied.

He followed her to church one day,
The preacher he was there,
And straightway he did tie them up,
And marry the fond pair.

Months sped by and finally
Mary had a little lamb;
They named him for his papa,
And called the baby Sam.

(At the close GRANDMA makes a stiff bow. MA and the girls, who stood back of her while she spoke, beam upon her, pat her on the back and conduct her to her seat, where she goes to sleep again. All the others except MA sit in their places.)

MA *(coming forward)*. The next on our program is a song by poor Louisa. She has never been well. She's had these weakly spells ever sence she was a girl, but lately she's been worse, and instead of being weakly spells they have been daily ones. She is feeling so poorly now that we will wait and have her song later. *(LOUISA groans, LETITIA and LOVEY giggle, GRANDMA snores, LUCINDY leans forward in her seat and gazes intently at the audience, smiling and simpering.)*

LORINDA. Goodness sake, Lucindy, what are you looking at?

LUCINDY. Oh, te-he-he-he-he, there is a man down there who looks just like a fellow I used to go with in Missouri. He's watching me as if he thinks I'm awful nice.

Te-he-he-he-he-he! (*She waves her handkerchief and simpers.*)

MA. And now the next on our performance will be a very fine speechibus on "Wimmin's Rights," by our eddicated sufferigist, Lorinda Light. This addressitation always moves a audience very greatly. The governor of Minnesota said he'd never heard anything like it in his life. I now interdooce Miss Lorinda Light.

LORINDA (*coming forward and making low bow*). Ladies and all females of this audience assembled—I don't care whether the men listen or not. (*Speaks in a loud, determined voice with many flourishing gestures.*) I come not here to talk. You know too well the story of our thraldom—we are slaves! Us wimmin should be given our rights. We are slaves to the tyrannical oppression, insiduous, cantankerous man, who won't let us vote. The Lord created man and saw that he could be greatly improved upon, so He tried again, to get something better. The result, my friends, was woman, an improved product of the Creator, and she ought to be at the head of this universe and stand at the helm of the political wheel. I tell you it is time for an arduous struggle. Let us not bow to subjugation and submission. We have petitioned and remonstrated and supplicated for our rights. We have prostrated ourselves before the throne and implored the men to set us on the lofty pinneracle of power, where we should oughter be, but they have spurned us with contempt. If we wish, female women, to gain the inestimable privileges for which we have been contending—we must fight! (*Pulls a revolver out of a pocket in her skirt and waves it.*) I repeat it, we must fight! They tell us we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Shall we gather strength by irresolution? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies, these flabbergasted, wily, merciless, rancorous, fraudulent, malevolent, malignant men shall have bound us hand and foot? Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard from Maine to California. War is inevitable and

let it come! (*Waves revolver.*) I repeat it: Let it come! We must have our rights and be allowed to *vote*! Is life so dear as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me the *ballot* or give me DEATH! (*Waves revolver. Makes profound bow and returns to seat.*)

MA (*to LOUISA, anxiously*). Louisa, dear, don't you feel well enough to sing your song?

LOUISA (*weakly*). No, no, no-o-o-o-o!

MA. Oh, just try to stand up and see if you can't sing, poor dear.

LOUISA. Oh, I shall faint if I try to stand up—I'm so weak.

LOVEY (*very suddenly jumping up and screaming*). Oh, Louisa, there is a *mouse* under your chair!

LOUISA (*instantly screams, jumps up, runs rapidly around stage, jumps up and down and yells in a loud voice*). Why don't you kill it?

MA (*running to LOUISA*). Oh, my poor dear, you'll kill yourself.

LOUISA. Never mind me—kill the mouse!

LOVEY (*laughing*). Oh, there wasn't any mouse, but now you sing that song.

LOUISA (*marching over and giving LOVEY a sound slap*). You little smarty! (*To MA.*) I guess I can sing now.

MA. We will now continue and proceed with our program and have a song by Louisa Light. Lucindy, Lorinda, Lucretia, Letitia, Lena, Lina and Lovey Light will help with the chorus.

LOUISA (*some one plays and she sings to tune of "Marching Through Georgia," begining in a strong voice that gradually grows weaker. She stands at center of stage and LUCINDY, LORINDA, LUCRETIA, LETITIA, LENA, LINA and LOVEY stand in a semi-circle behind her to help with the chorus*).

A soldier of the Legion he lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears;

A comrade stood beside him while his life blood ebbed
 away,
 And sadly bent for to hear what he would say.

CHORUS. (*Girls helping.*)

The dying soldier took that comrade's hand,
 And said, "I'll never see my native land,
 Take a message to some friends, some distant friends of
 mine,
 For I was born—for I was *born*—

LUCINDY (*weepingly*). For I was born. (*Takes her seat, crying.*)

LOUISA (*weakly*). For I was born. (*Goes to seat, weeping.*)

LORINDA (*weeping*). For I was born. (*Takes seat.*)

LETITIA (*sobbing*). For I was born. (*Takes seat.*)

LUCRETIA (*weeping*). For I was born. (*Takes seat.*)

LENA AND LINA (*crying*). For we were born. (*Take seats.*)

LOVEY (*weeping*). I 'spose I was born, too. (*Takes seat.*)
 (*The eight of them sit sobbing and weeping. GRANDMA wakes up, looks at them in astonishment, then gets up, takes a package from her hand bag, goes along and gives each one a stick of bright colored candy. The girls all cheer up and eat the candy.*)

MA (*rising*). Ladies, gentlemen and audience all, I am glad to say that among my dear children I have a noted elocutionist, who speaks pieces jest beautiful. She learnt it at the district school back in Indianny and took her finishin' in Bosting. She will now speak for us one of the most wonderful selections you ever heerd. (*Sits.*)

LUCINDY (*waving handkerchief at some one in audience.*)
 Oh, te-he-he-he-he-he-he, there's the sweetest man down there by the door who is just struck on me. Te-he-he-he-he-he-he! I'm going down and get acquainted with him. (*She jumps up. The others grab hold of her and make her sit down.*)

LORINDA. Shame on you to try to break up our program.

LUCINDY (*angrily*). That is just the way you always spoil my chances. (*Stands up and says simperingly.*) I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me a husband or give me death.

LENA. Of all sad words that we can't or can,

LINA. The saddest are these: "She can't get a man."

LUCRETIA (*coming to center of stage*). Ladies and gentlemen, the selection I shall give you is entitled "Hash." (*She speaks with great power and elocutionary effort, with changes from slow to fast, childish simplicity to tragical gusto, and with many striking gestures.*)

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
Where the boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled,
And under the spreading chestnut tree
They tucked me in my trundle bed.
An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the riderless mule going homeward
From the fight of Paso del Mar.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Where Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay;
While the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And over Barbara Fritchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er
My country 'tis of thee,
When Leander swam the Hellespont,
'Neath the shade of the old apple tree;

For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine,
In the old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket,
The iron-bound bucket that hung in the well.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as—
Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get, blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan;
For men may come and men may go—but
We gazed though not a man could speak,
With horror all aghast,
In groups with pallid brow and cheek
We watched—Little Jack Horner
Stick in his thumb,
And pull out a Christmas plum.

Lives of great men all remind us
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
While young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
And who shall dare to chide me for loving
The old arm chair?
Homeward then went Hiawatha,
While the shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
The wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran way down upon the Swanee Ribber,
Murmuring "Curfew must not ring tonight,"
For men must work and women must weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

(Makes sweeping bow and takes seat.)

MA (*rising*). You did speak that jest splendid, Lucretia. I think you say it better every time. When I hear how lovely my daughters do public things it almost makes me forget I'm a lone, forlorn widder with my Leander on high.

LOVEY. Oh, say, ma, how do you know he's on high? Maybe he struck an elevator that was going the other way.

LUCINDY (*jumping up and simpering*). Oh, a man down there in the corner just threw me a kiss. Te-he-he-he-he-he!

LUCRETIA (*pulling LUCINDY back to seat*). Well, you better sit still if you want it to hit you.

LENA. Oh, sister thinks it would be bliss,

LINA. To get hit by a nice man's kiss.

GRANDMA. Say, aint it gitting most time to go home? I'm gitting sleepy. Guess I'll have a lunch. (*Takes a sandwich from hand bag and eats it.*)

MA. I've been standing here a long time waiting for a chance to say something. I wish the rest of you would keep still.

LOVEY. Hush, be still as any mouse!

MA (*to audience*). The next number on our incomparable program is a instrumental solo by my dead son's wife, Letitia Light. She began to take lessons on the melodyon when she was nothing but a little girl and I guess she's had as many as fifty lessons all told. Some folks says she plays most as well as Padyroughsky. She can play "Old Black Joe" with varigations that most make you cry—it's so sort of lonesome like. I now interdooce Letitia Light, the merry widow musician. (*MA sits. LETITIA goes to instrument and plays some dashing instrumental. Wherever there is a change in the music she puts in some simple piece; in one place "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," played with one hand; in another place a monotonous five-finger exercise, etc. All the LIGHTS keep time, in various ways, to the music as she plays. When she finishes she comes to center of stage, bows and takes her seat.*)

LENA. Oh, the way our sister Letitia can play,

LINA. Drives all our cares and sorrows away.

MA (*rising*). I will now interdooce my oldest daughter, Lucindy. She aint never got married, Lucindy aint, though I don't say as that is her fault.

LUCINDY. Why, ma, you know I never have cared about the men. There's been oceans of them wanted me but I

never wanted any of them. I think men are awfully dear but—

LOVEY. I guess they are always so dear she can't afford to buy one.

MA. Lucindy will now recitete for you. (*Sits.*)

LUCINDY (*fussing around and simpering, finally comes forward and bows, then gazes at some man in the audience, simpers at him and throws him a kiss. She simpers and puts on airs while speaking.*)

Oh, the lovers I have had,
You'd never guess, I know;
There was Charlie back in Fargo,
And Will in Chi-ca-go.

There was Henry in Topeka,
And Joseph in Eau Claire,
And Peter from Toledo,
Who had the bright red hair.

There was Sammie in Detroit,
And Horace from Duluth,
Who loved me but was bashful
And dared not speak the truth.

There was Jack in Cincinnati
And Fred in Kankakee,
And though they all did love me
I still am fancy free.

There was Robert in St. Louis,
And Walter in St. Paul—
Yes, all of these have loved me,
But I somehow lost them all.

Yet some day a brave lover
Whose eyes shall flash with pride,
Will come to woo and win me,
And make me his fond bride—te-he-he-he-he!

(*She bows, then stands gazing at audience.*)

LUCRETIA. Why don't you come and sit down? What are you looking at?

LUCINDY. Oh, there's a man in the second seat with the loveliest eyes who looks just as if he wants me, te-he-he-he-he!

LENA. Our sister Lucindy, if she can and she can,

LINA. Is trying her best to capture a man. (*The TWINS go to front, take hold of LUCINDY and take her to her seat.*)

MA (*rising*). The time has come and arrived for me to interdooce my twinses, Lena and Lina. They are twins to one another, each a twin unto the other. What one does the other wants to do. If one sings the other does. If one speaks, the other does. I am real proud of 'em, being twins and such nice ones. They will now do their part. (*Sits.*)

LENA AND LINA (*come forward and bow, keeping close together and doing just the same things. They first speak, LENA speaking a verse of one piece while at the same time LINA speaks a verse of a different one. Then they sing, LENA singing a verse of one song while LENA sings something else at the same time. While singing they stand with their arms around each other. Then they bow and take seats.*)

MA (*rising*). And now at last we come to the last one, the baby of the family, Lovey Light. She is a real nice child but she is a little spoiled, being the last of the lot. Now, Lovey, come speak your piece. (*She looks over at LOVEY'S chair, but it is vacant, LOVEY having slipped from the stage while the TWINS were speaking. MA calls her several times.*)

Enter LOVEY with a shawl around her to conceal the shoes and stockings she has on her arms.

LOVEY. Well, what do you want? I am ready to go home.

MA. Well, Lovey dear, just say your piece and then you can go. (*The TWINS hold a sheet up folded so that it reaches from LOVEY'S shoulders down to the floor. She stands behind it and after she gets in place she drops the shawl to the floor. She speaks the verse and then at the*

refrain she crouches down behind the sheet and holds up her arms with the shoes and stockings on. She wiggles her hands and turns them from side to side. This gives the laughable appearance of standing on her head. Be sure to have a heavy enough sheet so the shadow will not show through.)

LOVEY.

When Ma gets cross or Lorinda scolds me,
I kick up my heels as light as a flea,
And stand on my head—just like this, you see.

REFRAIN.

Oh, I stand on my head, yes, stand on my head,
Though Ma may object, I stand on my head. (*Rises.*)

When Lucindy gets foolish, or Letitia gets gay,
Or the twins have too much poetry to say,
I relieve my feelings on my head just this way.

REFRAIN.

I am a very bad girl, so folks say,
I don't like to work and I do like to play,
And I think I'll perform in a circus some day.

REFRAIN.

(LOVEY and TWINS return to seats, then musician gives chord, all sit up very straight, at second chord all rise, at third they bow. Then sing the "Good Night" round, MA, LORINDA and LUCINDY starting, then LETITIA, LUCRETIA and the TWINS taking second, and GRANDMA, LOVEY and LOUISA the third part. Then bow and march from stage or curtain falls.)

GOOD NIGHT.

(Round)

1
Now to all a kind - "good night,"

2
Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light, Till morn - ing

light, To all "good night," Sweet - ly sleep till

3
morn - ing light; Good night, — To

all a kind good - night, To all good night.

All A Mistake

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 4 m., 4 f. Time, about 2 h. Scenes: Easy to set. Lawn at "Oak Farm" and drawing-room. Characters: Capt. Obadiah Skinner, a retired sea captain. Lieut. George Richmond, his nephew, who starts the trouble. Richard Hamilton, a country gentleman. Ferdinand Lighthouse, who falls in love don't know. Nellie Richmond, George's wife. Nellie Huntington, a friend. Nellie Skinner, antiquated but still looking for a man. Nellie McIntyre, a servant.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The arrival of George and his bride. A friend in need. The old maid and her secret. Ferdy in search of a wife. George's jealousy. The sudden appearance of a most undesirable party. George's quick wit prevents discovery.

Act II.—The plot thickens. Cornelia in search of her "Romeo." The downfall of Ferdy. Richard attempts to try the "soothing system" on a lunatic. George has a scheme connected with a fire in the furnace and some pitch tar. Richard runs amuck amid general confusion.

Act III.—The Captain arms himself with a butcher knife and plans revenge. Nellie hopelessly insane. The comedy duel. "Romeo" at last. "Only one Nellie in the world." The unraveling of a skein of mystery, and the finish of an exciting day, to find it was "All a Mistake."

A Busy Liar

By GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. Scenes: Easy to set, 1 exterior, 2 interiors. Characters: Simeon Meeker, who told one lie. Judge Quakely. Senator Carrollton. Macbeth, a hot-headed Scotchman. Dick, in a matrimonial tangle. William Trott, a recruit. Job Lotts, another one. Mrs. MacFarland, everybody's friend. Tennie, with a mind of her own. Janet, a Scotch lassie. Mrs. Early, a young widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Off to the war. A paternal arrangement of marriage. Janet of the Macbeth clan. Some complications. Meeker and the Widow. A lapse from truth. Meeker made captain. "You are afraid to go." "Afraid? Never!"

Act II.—In camp. Captain Meeker and strict discipline. The Widow, the Judge and the Senator court-martialed. The Widow wins. Another lie and more complications. An infuriated Scotchman. "You held her in your arms." "She is my wife."

Act III.—The ball. "Not military matters, but matrimony." "Another of Meeker's fairy stories." The Captain in kilts. "The funniest thing I ever saw." The Widow untangles a tangle of lies. A lass for every lad. Peace proclaimed. Meeker remains "at the base of supplies."

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SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Borrowing a screen door. Blackstone, a dealer in titles. Mary comes back home. Blackstone wants Jimmie to travel for his health. "One hundred thousand dollars as expense money." "No, I am going to a strawberry festival and that's worth more to me." The lost necklace. The proprietor of the village hack discovers something. "She's a fine gal, she is."

Act II.—The Strawberry Festival. Blackstone schemes a quick marriage. A busy time for Doolittle Much. "Search that man, Constable!" The necklace is found on the wrong man. "Any man caught with no visible means of support can be arrested as a common vag." The Count is "pinched."

Act III.—The siege of Hoetown. The Count works out his fine on the highway. "Shark, you're a liar!" The financial panic and the loss of Mary's money. The Count and Blackstone get "cold feet" and hike for old Broadway. Mary loses her home. "Come on, kid, I've got carfare."

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Bardell vs. Pickwick, 25 min....	6 2
Beautiful Forever, 30 min.....	2 2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.....	2 2
Blind Margaret, musical, 30 m.	3 3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min....	0 5
Borrowing Trouble, 25 min.....	3 5
Box and Cox, 35 min.....	2 1
Breezy Call, 25 min.....	2 1
Bumble's Courtship, 18 min....	1 1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.....	2 2
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Family Strike, 20 min.....	3 3
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Hard Cider, temperance, 15 m.	4 2
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1 1
Homeopathy, Irish, 30 min.....	5 3
I'll Stay Awhile, 20 min.....	4 0
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min....	3 2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min....	8 0
In the Wrong House, 20 min....	4 2
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min....	3 3
Is the Editor in? 20 min.....	4 2
John Smith, 30 min.....	5 3
Just My Luck, 20 min.....	4 3
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min....	5 1
Kiss in the Dark, 30 min.....	2 3
Larkin's Love Letters, 50 min....	3 2
Lend Me Five Shillings, 40 min.	5 2
Limerick Boy, 30 min.....	5 2
Little Black Devil, 10 min.....	2 1
Love and Rain, sketch, 20 min.	1 1
Lucky Sixpence, 30 min.....	4 2
Lucy's Old Man, sketch, 15 m.	2 3
Madame Princeton's Temple of Beauty, 20 min.....	0 6
Mike Donovan, 15 min.....	1 3
Misses Beers, 25 min.....	3 3
Mistake in Identity, 15 min....	0 2
Model of a Wife, 25 min.....	3 2
Mrs. Gamp's Tea, sketch, 15 m.	0 2
My Jeremiah, 20 min.....	3 2
My Lord in Livery, 45 min.....	4 3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min....	3 3

	M. F.
My Turn Next, 50 min.....	4 3
Narrow Escape, sketch, 15 m....	0 2
Not at Home, 15 min.....	2 0
Obstinate Family, 40 min.....	3 3
On Guard, 25 min.....	4 2
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.....	3 3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 m...	3 2
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Pat the Apothecary, 35 min.....	6 2
Persecuted Dutchman, 35 min....	6 3
Pets of Society, 30 min.....	0 7
Played and Lost, sketch, 15 m.	3 2
Pull-Back, 20 min.....	0 6
Quiet Family, 45 min.....	4 4
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Regular Fix, 50 min.....	6 4
Rejected, 40 min.....	5 3
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4 3
Row in Kitchen and Politician's Breakfast, 2 monologues...	1 1
Silent Woman, 25 min.....	2 1
Slasher and Crasher, 1 hr. 15 m.	5 2
Taming a Tiger, 20 min.....	3 0
That Rascal Pat, 35 min.....	3 2
To Oblige Benson, 45 min.....	3 2
Too Much for One Head, 25 m...	2 4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 50 min.....	3 6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min....	4 1
Trick Dollar, 30 min.....	4 3
Turn Him Out, 50 min.....	3 3
Twenty Minutes Under Umbrella, sketch, 20 min.....	1 1
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.....	3 3
Two Gay Deceivers, 25 min.....	3 0
Two Gents in a Fix, 20 min.....	2 0
Two Ghosts in White, 25 min....	0 8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.....	2 3
Two Puddifoots, 40 min.....	3 3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min....	3 2
Very Pleasant Evening, 30 min...	3 0
Wanted: a Correspondent, 1 hr.	4 4
Wanted: a Hero, 20 min.....	1 1
Which Will He Marry? 30 min.	2 8
White Caps (The), musical, 30 m.	0 8
Who is Who, 40 min.....	3 2
Who Told the Lie? 30 min.....	5 3
Wide Enough for Two, 50 min....	5 2
Woman Hater (The), 30 min....	2 1
Wonderful Letter, 25 min.....	4 1
Wooling Under Difficulties, 35 min.....	4 3
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